

STRIKEBREAKERS RICH

TWO MEN WHO HAVE MADE FORTUNE AT GAME.

Jim Farley Has Country Home and Wall Street Would Honor His Check for \$100,000—Bowen Also Rolls in Wealth.

New York.—Strikebreaker "Jim" Farley has made his fortune and is leaving the settled way for a life of ease. He is a horse lover and spends most of his time at his breeding farm at Plattsburg, N. Y., and makes occasional trips to Kentucky in search of fine stock. Farley is still a strikebreaker, but he has shifted the personally hazardous part of the business to the hands of trusted lieutenants. He is a sort of broad strategy all by himself, is Farley, and he will probably be breaking strikes until he dies. Farley is rich enough to maintain a suite of rooms at the Hotel Astor, on upper Broadway, in addition to his country home at Plattsburg, N. Y. His check is good in Wall street any day for the week for \$100,000. August Belmont is quoted as saying that Farley is a born soldier and capable of masterfully handling an army of 150,000 in the field of action.

Harry H. Bowen, strikebreaker, has made his thousands by fighting all over the country for corporations against unions. He served the Beef Trust in Chicago; his recent campaign against the warring longshoremen on the docks of New York netted him a tidy fortune. Bowen faced shots in the famous collar and cuff strike at Troy.

Like Farley, he has a beautiful country home. It is on the Jersey Highlands, and his city apartments on Central Park West are as luxuriously fitted out as those of a multi-million-



JAMES FARLEY.

(Strike-Breaker Who Has Made a Fortune in the Business.)

aire. He owns tenement houses in New York and Brooklyn.

Farley and Bowen hold special insurance policies on their lives for \$100,000 each.

Strike breaking has become to chiefs of corporations a recognized business and they are in constant touch with men like Farley and Bowen. Railroads, street car companies, machine works and institutions employing large bodies of workmen keep strike-breaker bosses on the pay-roll even in time of peace. The instant the suggestion of a strike is made the strike breaker boss is notified and sends his secret agents among the dissatisfied workmen. Then he begins to enlist men capable of working at this particular trade and holds them in readiness for a call. They are under pay while waiting orders.

The handling of strikes is not planned in the offices of the corporation. Farley and Bowen each have offices in big buildings on upper Broadway.

The profits of Farley and Bowen come mainly from the increased wage paid per man furnished to break the strike. For instance, when the subway tie-up began twenty months ago, the motorman's pay was \$3.25 a day, and the guards and train hands got from \$1.75 to \$2.25 a day. While breaking the strike Farley received \$5 a day for each man he furnished, in addition to \$1,000 a day for personally supervising and commanding the strikebreaking force. He pays his men \$2.50 a day. In less than twenty-four hours after the strike had been declared Farley had 500 men at work at an average pay of \$5 a day.

A Wall street man whose insight into the workings of big railroads and car lines is unquestioned says Farley made \$130,000 clear profit breaking the subway strike.

Farley got into the strike-breaking business in a peculiar way. He ran a small hotel at Plattsburg and while ill with typhoid fever he wandered off in a delirium and got rid of all his money. When he recovered he found himself in Brooklyn, broke, while the B. R. T. strike was on. He got a job as a motorman and that suggested his present occupation. He has since broken strikes in Chicago, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Waterbury and many other cities.

WHIP-CRACKING IN CHURCH.

Old Custom Believed to Have Been Penance for a Murder.

London.—Whip-cracking in church was a custom formerly practiced, though not without protest, at Caistor, Lincolnshire, on Palm Sunday. Many attempts were made to suppress it, and about 70 years ago the lord of the Manor presented a petition to the house of lords with that object. "A cart whip of the fashion of several centuries since," ran the document, "called a gad-whip, with four pieces of wych-elm bound round the stock,



Whip-Cracking in Church Porch.

and a leather purre attached to the extremity of the stock containing 30 pence, is, during divine service, cracked in the church porch, and while the second lesson is reading is brought into the church and held over the reading desk by the person who carries it." A local tradition inclines to the view that the custom was originally a penance for a murder, and that the lord of the manor of Hudson could exact some penalty from the Lord of the manor of Broughton if it were omitted. For many years the attempt to put an end to the custom failed, but in 1846 the objectionable practice was allowed to lapse.

MAY RUN FOR CONGRESS.

Gen. Corbin Willing to Enter Contest If People Wish It.

Cincinnati.—Congress has no particular attraction for Lieut. Gen. Henry Clark Corbin, but he announced the other day that he would be willing to run in the Sixth Ohio district, and to serve, if elected, if the people desired him as a candidate. He made this announcement when he was told that his friends at Batavia, O., desired to nominate him. The Sixth district has had a factional fight on its hands for some time, and it is considered that the nomination of Gen. Corbin would bring about harmony among the Republicans. Gen. Corbin said that he was not ambitious and was not asking anything.



LIEUT. GEN. CORBIN.

(Retired Army Officer Who May Enter Race for Congress.)

ing anything. "I am a plain American citizen," he said, "and accustomed to obey orders. I would do anything to serve my people if they wished it so." Gen. Corbin, who was retired from the army a short time ago, was born at Batavia, O., 66 years ago.

College Graduates in the World.

One of the Yale professors has been making a study of the occupations of Yale graduates by classes. He finds among other things, that a constantly lessening number are entering the ministry, and a steadily increasing number are studying law. The law now claims more than twice as many as any other profession. Next to it comes finance. Fewer than one-twelfth of the graduates enter the ministry, in spite of the fact that one of the purposes for which Yale was founded was "to train godly young men for the Christian ministry." But, side by side with these facts, it is also noted that charitable and philanthropic work—the giving both of money and of service—is yearly claiming a larger share of the interest of educated men and women. Perhaps that is where the "godly young men" of to-day are going.—Youth's Companion.

Prevent Hair Falling.

Shampoo the hair with a soap mixture, made by dissolving an oily soap in hot water; a tablespoonful of shaved soap to a cup of water. Add ten drops of glycerin. If your hair is light you may put in a half-teaspoonful of powdered borax. Wash the hair well with this solution and rinse in many waters.

France's Provision for Old Age.

France has no old age insurance measure, but a large amount is annually spent in relief to aged natives

"JIM" BAKER'S CABIN

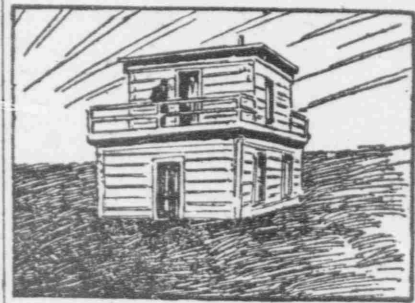
COLORADO TO PRESERVE INTERESTING DWELLING.

Is Situated in Little Snake River Valley, the Scene of Many an Exciting Adventure with the Indians.

Denver, Col.—The people of Colorado feel that "Jim" Baker's old cabin on the Little Snake river should come under the law that gives the government supervision and control of historic places of interest.

The cliff dwellings of Colorado have been set apart as a national park. Beecher island Indian battlefield is also a national park, and there is a monument where Maj. Thornburg and his troops were killed in northwestern Colorado when they were marching to the rescue of the Ute agent, Meeker. As interesting as any of these places is Jim Baker's cabin, built in the early 40's by this intrepid trapper, scout and pathfinder, who ranks with Jim Bridger and Kit Carson among the great characters of the early west. Here Baker penetrated, long before any other white man thought of settling in such a wild country, and here he lived with the friendly Indians and fought the unfriendly tribes, every day being spiced with some thrilling adventure.

Baker's unique cabin, which is built with a "lookout" on top, where the trapper used to watch for unfriendly Indians, is located in a romantic spot. It is in the valley of the Little Snake river, which winds along the Colorado Wyoming state line. It is in the foothills of the Sierra Madre mountains, and near it is the celebrated Battle mountain, where Baker and some trappers and squaws successfully stood off a large attacking party of Indians. Few visit the spot to-day because of its inaccessibility, but this will soon be changed. A few miles below Bridger's cabin the Routt County Development company of Denver is opening 50,000 acres of state land to settle-



Baker's Cabin with Indian Lookout on Top.

ment. A 60-mile irrigation ditch is being built, and next year, when the water is turned on the land embraced in this vast project, "Jim" Baker's once lonely valley will be thickly populated and there is no doubt that a spur of the Union Pacific railroad will reach it from the north, while the new Moffat road, from Denver to Salt Lake, will pass within a few miles of it from the south.

Old "Jim" Baker himself would never have dreamed of the rush for this valley which the building of the Little Snake river ditch presages. He moved into the Little Snake country early in the 40's, it is said, because some one had moved into the same county with him in the eastern part of Colorado a year or two before, and he considered the country was getting "too darned crowded." Even when he died, in 1898, there was little indication of the present great demand for cheap irrigated land, and the scout would have scoffed at anybody who would have prophesied the coming of a great irrigation enterprise to the Little Snake river valley.

"Jim" Baker's experience in the wild west, particularly in Wyoming, is only paralleled by "Jim" Bridger. Baker was born in 1818 at Belleville, Ill. In 1838 he joined a company of recruits at St. Louis, in the service of the American Fur company, and made the long journey up the Missouri and across the plains into Wyoming. It is a notable fact that this first expedition was in charge of "Jim" Bridger, and it was only through the tact and resources of this notable plainsman that the entire party was not lost. Many times the party was stopped by savages, and the warriors held a council to determine whether to kill the white men or let them go on. But always, according to Baker, "Jim" Bridger's quickness of wit, and his extraordinary knowledge of the Indian character saved the scalps of the entire outfit. In all the years of his frontier experience Baker declared he was never nearer death than on this first trip, which ended at the mouth of Popo Agie, on Wind river.

Baker's cabin was the scene of many an exciting skirmish, and the forethought of the old trapper in building the queer "lookout" on his house was more than once rewarded when he headed off Indians who sought to surprise him. In 1855 Baker entered the services of the government as a scout, and for several years he was looked upon as one of the greatest scouts and guides in the service of the army. The Pike's Peak excitement drew him into Denver and in 1859 he built a home on Clear creek, not far from the present capital of Colorado. Here he remained until 1873, when he went back to his first love—the Little Snake river valley.

Baker, like the other old trappers of his day, had several Indian wives. Many of his children now live in Colorado and Wyoming and they are justly proud of their intrepid ancestor.

WINS NEW FRENCH HONORS.

Rodman Wanamaker Made Officer of Legion of Honor.

Philadelphia.—In the recent promotion of Rodman Wanamaker to the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor the president of France has recognized a remarkable achievement. Mr. Wanamaker is the younger son of John Wanamaker. He and his brother, Thomas B. Wanamaker, who is the proprietor of the Philadelphia North American, have long been associated with their distinguished father in his great mercantile enterprises, notably the big New York and Philadelphia department stores.

Rodman Wanamaker established the Paris branch and set a precedent.



RODMAN WANAMAKER.
(American Who Has Won Signal French Honor Through Business.)

He brought about a practical commercial reciprocity, which never existed before, and which has worked to the advantage of both nations. By making a personal study of the situation in France he found a way to supply the deficiencies of the American market by drawing upon the skill of the French workman.

He showed the Frenchman how to make goods that America needed and that could not be bought at home. At the same time he introduced into France goods in which America excels.

Ten years ago he was made a chevalier in the legion in recognition of his services in the encouragement of art. His promotion in the order, however, is due as much to his commercial achievement as to his work in the interest of art.

For several consecutive years he has been president of the American Art association of Paris, an organization which includes French, as well as American students. From the time he went to Paris in the interest of his father's business he has been a patron of the French salons. He has bought and shipped to this country hundreds of masterpieces. From the salon of 1903 alone he purchased more than 400 paintings, all of which were exhibited in the Wanamaker stores in this city and Philadelphia without cost to the public.

Mr. Wanamaker is a staunch advocate of outdoor culture and a prominent clubman.

MOOSE BROKEN TO HARNESS.

Minnesota Man Owns One of Oddest Team in America.

Eldora, Ia.—Edward Crossman, of Ely, Minn., owns one of the oddest teams in America. He succeeded last winter in breaking a pair of moose to drive in harness. In his sleigh Mr. Crossman spun about as rapidly behind these animals as if drawn by horses.

The moose were captured at Bear Island lake, a few miles to the south-



Crossman's Moose Team.

west of Ely, five years ago. The mother had been killed by an Indian, and a trapper in the neighborhood, hearing the dog barking, hurried to the spot, where he found two moose calves. Mr. Crossman bought these calves from the trapper and secured a permit from the governor to keep them in his possession.

At first the moose did not like the idea of being hitched up and they made a great fuss, but being young they took to it sooner than if they had been full grown. The problem of feeding the moose was no small one. At first Crossman fed them willow twigs and young birch, but this became a difficult task, for they required about three wagon loads a week.

To-day they eat hay, turnips and cabbage and seem to enjoy the diet. One of the moose will eat as much as two horses. They nibble at something most of the time, except when lying down in the middle of the day. Each moose weighs about 850 pounds.

Nothing tickles a woman more than to find one of her own hairs on her husband's coat.

MILLIONAIRE IN JAIL

CONVICT INHERITS WEALTH BUT CANNOT SPEND IT.

Pasquale Monaldi of Italy Sentenced to Fifteen Years' Imprisonment for Murder, Comes Into Riches.

Seldom has there been afforded a more striking illustration of the irony of fortune than that which has befallen a young Italian. He has suddenly become enormously wealthy, but the unexpected access of riches only adds to his misery. He cannot spend a cent of it on himself. He has to work hard without pay and subsist on the plainest fare, although money enough is his to enable him to wallow in luxuries were he only to get it.

Pasquale Monaldi is a millionaire, but he still remains a convict.

Not long ago he was working wearily at breaking stones under the African sun on the island of Lampedusa, between Malta and Tripoli, wondering why he had been sent into the world if the end was the four walls of a prison during the best years of his life, when a companion, seeing his dejection, undertook to cheer him up by predicting that something would certainly happen.

"Yes," said the other contemptuously, "I can die, that's what can happen."

The same mood followed him to his cell, and it was with a smothered oath that he looked up when a rattling at his door announced a visitor. Two men walked solemnly into the narrow cell, and standing before the convict asked him if he had not felt in his bones that something was going to happen.

"Happen," exclaimed Pasquale roused to fury by the second harping on the same theme, "don't bother me



PASQUALE MONALDI.

with happenings, what I want is to be left in peace!"

"Very well, then," said the visitor, "I shall have your millions and leave you in peace!"

After baiting the poor fellow some time longer until he was rapidly losing his head, he was told that an aunt, whose very existence he had forgotten, had just died, leaving millions, and that he, Pasquale, the poor convict, was her only heir.

"What are you torturing me for?" he cried, "that would be the limit! Millions outside and I—a prisoner! I will not believe in such ill luck."

But, all the same, it was true. Pasquale's aunt, Berta Forlani, went when young to South America with her parents, where she married a miner. This miner discovered a silver mine, and died leaving her rich. The now old and childless woman had just passed to her long rest, and her nephew is the only survivor of the whole family.

Pasquale, who was a barber, is in his convict prison for 15 years, and is now just 25, having served three years already. His crime was murder, but not premeditated. One evening he was out walking with his sweetheart, Rosa Gambrotta, but the course of true love was not flowing very smoothly. She was not as wrapped up in her companion as he would have wished, and in his eyes, was too conscious of the admiring glances thrown at her. When he was in a thoroughly bad temper they met a certain Giuseppe Bottego, his most feared rival, who greeted the girl familiarly, all three stopping to talk.

Rather free jokes passed between Rosa and Giuseppe, which ended by the latter catching her about the waist, and, with a ribald jest, planted a resounding kiss on her red lips. She, taken aback, screamed, and furiously demanded if Pasquale would stand by and see her thus treated.

Pasquale on his side saw red, and drawing his knife struck wildly at the offender, sending the blade straight into his heart. It was all over in a moment. The victim sank dead to the pavement, while the murderer and girl, hoping to get away in the darkness and loneliness of the road, turned to run, but were stopped.

All this came out at the trial, which ended in Pasquale being sentenced to 15 years' penal servitude, the bitterness of his fate being intensified by the knowledge that Rosa was a heartless flirt, who would speedily dry her eyes and console herself with another lover.

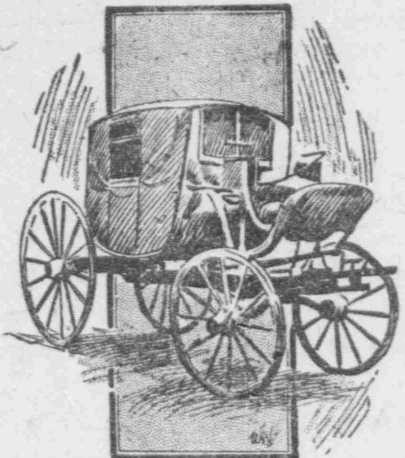
And the millions? They will be administered by some one appointed by the courts, and if he is honest Pasquale will find them waiting for him when he comes out. If he should turn out dishonest, Pasquale may find himself as penniless as when he first donned the convict's garb.

COACH WASHINGTON RODE IN.

Beekman Family's Mahogany Carriage in New York Once More.

New York.—There was taken to the New York Historical society's building from Oyster Bay, L. I., recently a coach in which George Washington used to ride. Although it was built more than 160 years ago it is in an excellent state of preservation and could probably make many a long trip yet.

The coach was built in England for Gerard Beekman. It was first taken to the family home of the Beekmans, on what is now Beekman street, New



The Beekman Coach.

York, and was used by the family up to and during the revolutionary war.

Just after the war, when Washington was president, he was often the guest of the family, and the coach was put at his disposal and often used by him. When Gerard Beekman died it was bequeathed to his son, William, the grandfather of the present owners. That part of the will which related to the coach was framed and still hangs in the Beekman homestead at Oyster Bay. It reads:

"To my son, William B. I bequeath my coach, trusting he will preserve it as my other children think it too old fashioned to have around. Dated November 3, 1801."

The vehicle is built of mahogany and is elaborately carved in relief. The blue scroll painting is still visible over all the framework. The body of the coach measures seven feet nine inches from the floor to the roof. It slopes in front, and while the front wheels are of the ordinary size the rear wheels are six feet in diameter.

The coach is so high from the ground that three steps are necessary; these fold up so that they form a block of iron ten inches square. On the doors at each side is still visible the coat of arms of the Beekman family.

Two panes of glass 10x12 inches in the front of the coach give light. The coachman's seat in front is guarded by a wide strap with a big buckle. There is a seat for the footman at the rear, with ample room for baggage. Under the two seats in the carriage are large drawers. The coach is lined with heavy gray felt which is badly torn and moth-eaten.

The present head of the Beekman family, Gerard Beekman, kept the coach for many years in a special coach house, and the coachmen were under instruction to save it first in case of fire.

SENATOR MAY BE PROSECUTED.

H. A. Dupont Figures in Case Against Powder Companies.

Washington.—Senator Henry Algernon Dupont, who may be subjected to a criminal prosecution if the government wins its case against the powder combine, was elected United States senator from Maryland in 1906. He has long been connected with the powder company, but is supposed to



SENATOR H. A. DUPONT.
(Head of Powder Trust Who May Be Prosecuted.)

have sold his holdings after his election to the senate. Mr. Dupont was born in 1828 and was educated in the University of Pennsylvania and the United States military academy. From the latter institution he was graduated at the head of his class in 1851, and he took an active part in the civil war, being brevetted lieutenant colonel in 1864 for distinguished services, besides being awarded a congressional medal. In 1875 he resigned from the army, and for a time was president of the Wilmington & Northern railroad. For a number of years Senator Dupont has been engaged in agricultural pursuits more for pleasure than profit. He is a widower.

Hobby of Prince of Wales.
The prince of Wales is an able critic and a keen inspector of hospitals and their work.